The Lonely Hours by byersing (orphan_account)

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[Modern-day college AU.]
A lonely night in his college dorm reminds Mike of how much he misses Will.

The Lonely Hours

Mike hadn't expected college to be this hard. In theory, a two hour drive didn't seem that far but, at times like these, when the dorm room was dark and the muffled laughter of partying kids was just loud enough to keep him awake, he couldn't help but long for Will's comforting gaze and steady hold.

Before they'd left Hawkins, they'd made a promise to each other that they would talk on the phone every night. They could make this work. It turns out, that was a lot easier said than done. By now, it had been over a week since they'd last spoken, and it was a ten minute call full of empty silence. Mike bit his lip as he reached over to turn on his lamp. The darkness was too painful - the dull glow of the light gave him a false sense of security, a security he had previously depended on Will for.

He grabbed his phone, but he didn't open it. He just sat there, running his finger over the volume buttons. Will was probably asleep. It must've been 2am by now, and Will was one of those people who went to sleep at 10 and woke up at 6. Waking him up would be selfish.

"You should call him."

Mike just about jumped out of his skin.

"Jesus, Lucas!" he yelped. "I didn't think you were here."

Somehow, Mike and Lucas had ended up at the same college and, while they were still best friends, their interests no longer lay in the same place. Lucas had developed a love for partying and the social scene of the campus, whereas Mike preferred to keep to himself, spending his free days writing music and rewatching the Lord of the Rings trilogy.

"I'm just leaving," Lucas shrugged as he hopped down from the top bunk. "Thought I'd have a nap before I left. Guess I slept in."

He quickly sprayed his underarms with deodorant and changed from

his sweatpants into a pair of old jeans.

“Dude,” he looked at Mike with a raised eyebrow. “Seriously, *call him*. You’re going fucking crazy. Have you left campus, like, at all this week?”

Mike rolled his eyes, “Fine. I’ll call him.”

“Good. See you later, man.”

“Yeah, see you.”

He sank back in his bed, phone still in hand. Still uncertain, he went into his contacts and let his finger hover above Will’s name. It shouldn’t be this hard to call his own *boyfriend*, god dammit. Letting out a short sigh, he finally clicked the call button.

Ring, ring, ring. He wasn’t going to pick up. *Ring, ring, ring.*

“Mike?” Will’s tired, velvet voice filled his ears. “Is everything okay?”

And suddenly everything *was* okay.

“Uh, yeah. Everything’s fine,” he cleared his throat, letting a smile spread across his face. “I just… actually, I just miss you.”